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## Christian Secretary.

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### The Congregational System.

[The advantages of the Congregational System, as practised by Congregationalists and Baptists, were thus enumerated by the Rev. Dr. Davidson, of the Manchester Independent College, in the concluding Lecture of the course, lately delivered by him in London. We copy the report of the *Patriot*.—*Richmond Rel. Herald*.]

The advantages of this system are as follows:—

1. Its scripturality. To us this is its main excellency. Those who think that all forms of Government are indifferent, will make light of this; but such as exalt the New Testament, looking on it as profitable to direct, will incline to think otherwise. An obligation rests on the Christian to imitate it; it rests on the immovable basis of the divine Word.

2. Its simplicity. This characterizes all the institutions and works of God, and here, too, we discover it; there is no need of the interference of an external court, or the control of a foreign body; it is a machinery at once simple and complete.

3. Its efficiency for the maintenance and diffusion of truth. The members of the church being spiritual men, will naturally look for evangelical truth in those whom they seek to be their instructors and guides; an obligation rests on them to do all that they can for reciprocal edification; they shine as lights in the world; it is a pillar for the upholding of the truth; one independent church may preserve its purity, though all around be dead. The system presents a barrier against the spread of error in doctrine or apostasy from the faith. It has not to wait for the tardy operations of courts of review; measures may be taken for the suppression of the mischief as soon as it is known. They buy the truth and sell it not,—it is too precious; those who hold fast are the very persons who hold forth the Word of Life; it is a centre from which the tidings of salvation are to shine forth.

4. Its efficiency for preserving the liberties of Christian men. Here the natural freedom of none is infringed; all is done openly, and by themselves or their officers; the necessary concurrence of the people affords a powerful barrier against despotism; moral motives are the only weapons employed; every man must be fully persuaded in his mind. The utmost it can do is to expel; but this is quite compatible with liberty. The absolute will of a diocesan Bishop has no place there, binding it to a bundle of theological opinions, expressed in fixed language. Eternal control never crosses the path of a Congregational church, the liberties of Christians are sacredly guarded and jealously watched by the system.

5. It tends to prevent clerical pride and ambition. Christ frequently rebuked this in his followers; these feelings are inherent to depraved humanity. As soon as a church ruler is elevated above his brother, he begins to feel such motives; and they are still manifested. But Congregationalism affords little fuel to kindle such a fire. The elder is not independent of the church; he wields nothing but a moral influence; his power is declaratory, not judicial; he feels perpetually the influence of this safe and salutary check, and he cannot lose sight of this—that he is not lord over God's heritage.

6. It stimulates the activity of pastors. This is implied in the preceding remarks. Their position in reference to the people secures this result; the necessities and wants of the spiritual demanding a perpetual supply of heavenly aliment.

7. It promotes general intelligence.—This arises from the principle of self-government. The pursuit of God's word will create a desire for improvement. The Christian to act his part well, knows that the mind must be enlightened.

These are the principal excellencies of our system. They do not belong in a like degree to any other body; the measure in which all are inherent here is not elsewhere exhibited. We object to prelacy generally, on the ground of its secular conformity to the world; and to Presbyterianism on the ground of its stiff and law-like canons, among which the spiritual rights of the people are virtually lost. Far be it from us to deny many of their excellencies; but men are oft-times better than the principles of the denomination to which they belong; they may be largely ignorant of the genius of the system to which they cleave.

As to the importance of separating the essentials from the circumstantialia, the lecturer said, in regard to the latter, this must be left to human discretion; the light of

nature, assisted by the general rules of the Gospel, may settle these points; but the former is expressly laid down. In this respect, our system has a flexibility, allowing for the operation of circumstances. There is no form of government so simple or so complex, as to be inconsistent with it; for it rests on this truth, that Christ's kingdom is not of this world. It secures essential unity, together with freedom of action; it secures unity in matters connected with the Word of God, and variety in subordinate affairs.

The Congregational system is adapted to all states of society, and especially to a free constitution. In it individual responsibility is more jealously preserved: here men are required to govern themselves, instead of being told that they are unfit to do so. This fact naturally increases their sense of responsibility; and hence we are prepared to expect that those of independent churches will sympathize in a liberal and popular form of civil government, whose people are properly represented.

The lecturer then reviewed the assertion of Richard Watson, respecting church government, and adduced some examples of things indifferent in the worship of God—such as extemporaneous prayer, and the meetings of churches for the purpose of mutual counsel or government: every church has a discretion in reference to these; the requirement is, that they be done decently and in order; and when that is violated, they cease to be indifferent.

A church has no power to decree rites and ceremonies, because men are incapable of discerning what may be according to the will of God or not. Human invention has no place here, and Deity has revealed with a necessary fulness all the requisites for his worship.

The Doctor then proceeded to answer various objections to Congregationalism. It had been pronounced impracticable in some respects; and that it was opposed to the unity of the church as a distinct body, the proper manifestation of which it precludes, nothing could be so unfounded: for in what does unity consist, if it is not in holding one Lord, one faith, one baptism? Much idle talk has been employed, about our placing all that is grand at the feet of democracy: the highest or legislative power is not vested in the people: Christ alone governs.

### A Great Discovery.

It was made by a New England pastor not long since. He had been absent for some weeks, for the purpose of recruiting his strength, and had just returned with renewed vigor to the scene of his labors. He had been but a few hours in his house when he bethought himself of his favorite place of prayer and labor—his study. He ascended the staircase with great quietness and composure of mind, little imagining what was at hand. He walked peacefully and thoughtfully through the spacious upper hall towards the pleasant room he was seeking, unconscious utterly of what awaited him. He opened the study door with the same calmness as spirit which had marked the history of five and twenty years.—He shut the door, and as yet nothing remarkable had occurred, and all was well. The stove door stood open, and it occurred to him to kindle a little fire, as it was somewhat chilly, and it was done. Up to this point the worthy pastor was utterly ignorant that anything important awaited him. He was a man of a well-balanced mind, of a uniformly peaceful and untroubled temper, and strove to keep himself in a proper position for whatever might occur. He had had his sorrows, and meekly did he sustain himself under them; and such scenes of prosperity as now and then gladdened him, were not suffered to intoxicate and unman him.

But such a scene as was soon to be opened before him had no parallel in the whole previous history of his life. There had been striking and even startling events in his history. His ministry had been one of success, yet often had he known the bitter cup. He had loved the people of his charge, and up to the startling event soon to be related, was eminently devoted to their highest welfare. He had entered the study that day in a state of mind as kind and tender towards them as he had ever been conscious of experiencing.

The fire in his stove had begun to crackle most cheerfully. He had closed the stove door, so that all might be safe. He had placed the tongs he had used, back again in their proper location. A little ash and dust, which had fallen while making the fire, were swept away with a neat little brush, and the brush itself was hung again upon the peg where it belonged.

When all this had been done, and the worthy man had taken a step or two towards the counter study-table, it was then that his eye fell upon the objects crowding that table, and all but crushed it to the floor. And such objects! Did he dream? Where was he? He could hardly believe his eyes. And he ventured near and tried his hands. There was no mistake. The senses could not be imposed upon. All scepticism fled, and there came over the astonished man

the sensation of the existence in his study of SEVENTY-FIVE VALUABLE AND ELEGANTLY BOUND VOLUMES, with a label in modest capitals,—“A present by the People to their Pastor.”

That is what I call a great discovery!—The good man thought so too. It greatly moved him, and it moves me to state, in divers particulars, some of the practical bearings of such discoveries.

1. In them is discovered the kindness of a people to their pastor. Few taxes or subscriptions for his support, do not show it.—They are business transactions merely, and have no necessary connection with the warmth and fervor of real and heartfelt kindness.

2. Herein is a delicate and eloquent hint to bring “beaten oil” into the sanctuary.—Those valuable volumes—they are full of the deep thoughts of thinking men. They will help the pastor think. And they will make him think, that the best return he can make for his people's kindness, is earnestly to endeavor to bring out for his people, thoughts as near in value and worth to those found in the books sent him as possible—and even better, if he can.

3. Such an offering is a very comforting intimation to the pastor, that he is desired not to take wing and leave his people just at present. If one good massive, valuable volume fairly says, “stay longer,” I think fifty of them would come very nearly into the neighborhood of saying, “We should be glad to have you grow grey and lay your bones among us.”

4. Such a discovery might be made by hosts of pastors in the land without any thing like a dreadful pecuniary bankruptcy on the part of their benevolent people. A discovery even a seventy-fifth part as great as that above recorded, would accomplish two important ends, not to speak of more; first, it would fill a painful gap in the pastor's library; and secondly, it would tell him, as straws do, which way the wind was blowing.

### Anecdotes of Robert Hall.

BY REV. DR. BELCHER.

The following facts, connected with Robert Hall, are not generally known; indeed, not more than one or two of them have yet been printed. Everything relating to so distinguished a man, will, like the filings of gold, be laid up; not entirely as “hidden treasures,” but to be sometimes brought out for admiration and use.

Mr. Hall was no very great friend to the reports generally presented on anniversary occasions of public societies, and “printed by order of the Society” regarding them as often presenting highly colored statements, or as displaying the talents of the secretary, rather than a simple recital of facts. His impression was, that on this account they were seldom read. To a friend who was speaking of the importance of a passing circumstance being made known, he remarked, “Sir, never put into a report what you wish known; but if you have anything that for form's sake you must tell, but really wish to conceal, put it in a report, and take my word for it, sir, that no one will ever know it.”

Those who intimately knew Robert Hall, admired him more for his piety than even for his greatness. One illustration of the humble and lowly character of his religion, was shown in the fact that a few miles from Leicester lived a plain, poor, and to a very great extent, uneducated minister, who was very eminent for an amiable and holy spirit of religion. Nothing ever delighted the great man at Leicester more than to go once or twice a year to spend the night in the humble abode of this worthy brother, that they might occupy three or four hours together in prayer.

I was once present with him at a public dinner at Northampton, soon after he had published one of his controversial volumes. The subject was adverted to at the table, and a minister of another denomination, since deceased, addressing Mr. Hall, said, “I certainly think, sir, that the *letter* of scripture is against you, but assuredly its *whole spirit* is in your favor.” “It is utterly impossible, sir,” replied the great man, “that you can be right; for the letter of scripture can never contradict its spirit.”

In the summer of 1818, a small, new house for worship was dedicated in the village of Streatham, a few miles from which is Cambridge, where Mr. Hall was then on a visit. The good old pastor of the church, the Rev. Joseph Howlett, had formerly been a member of the Baptist church in the town just named, when Mr. Hall was its pastor; and feelings of the best kind had ever been cherished between them. It was known that on the day appointed for the dedication services, Mr. Hall had been solicited to preach to a large and wealthy congregation, on a public occasion, and that his reply was, “I cannot give you an answer yet, sir; the chapel at Streatham is to be opened on that day, and I have some expectation that I may be asked to preach. If so, my respect for its excellent pastor, and my hope of getting the poor people a few pounds extra, will certainly take me there.” He was solicited, promptly acceded to the

request, and gave us a sermon, the sentiments and delivery of which, seem even at this distant period, to have been but just impressed on my memory.

The reader will kindly imagine a plain meeting-house, in a country village, capable of seating about three hundred persons, into which, however, not less than five hundred were crowded. It was a remarkable assemblage. Professors, Episcopal and dissenting clergymen, might almost be counted by scores; while wealthy merchants and respectable farmers mingled with laborers, in the frocks peculiar to the English peasantry, and old women in their red cloaks and heavy patters, which would indeed have made an American lady smile. The introductory devotional services being concluded, Mr. Hall rose to announce his text: “Let us not sleep as do others; but let us watch and be sober;” 1 Thess. v. 6.

His feebleness of voice, and hesitancy of delivery, so often spoken of as disappointing strangers in the commencement of his sermons, soon disappeared; and while the whole congregation were standing, the poor laborers with their mouths wide open and tears streaming down their cheeks, the “eloquent orator” stood pouring out the simplest and most fervent strains I ever listened. With what clearness and force did he represent men as inactive to all that is good and useful, as dreaming of wisdom while they indulged the highest folly, and living and dying under the influence of mistakes; with what earnestness did he remind his hearers that they lived in the full day of evangelical light and privileges,—that in their happiness all the holy beings in the universe were interested,—and that for them to perish, would present a scene too awful even for angels to form an adequate idea of. An appeal to professing Christian parents, as to their duty to their children, was so affecting that the house was literally “booming”—a place of weeping. The preacher himself was so moved as to be compelled to pause and spend a few moments in composing his agitated feelings. Having done this, he advanced in his own peculiar manner, to the front of the pulpit, and with a countenance, every feature of which spoke, he said, “My brethren, I make no apology for weeping; that creature must be more or less than a man who can speak or think of these things without emotions too strong for either words or tears to convey to others.” It was a hallowed scene—a sublime spectacle. The rich and the poor wept together, and the preacher seemed to be forgotten, as he forgot himself, in the magnitude of his subject. Never could we be more forcibly reminded of him who beheld the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and wept over them!

The venerable Dr. Phillips, of South Africa, when once in company with Mr. Hall, asked him, “Sir, how is it that we, on the other side of the earth, know greatly more of the intentions of the government than our friends at home, living but a few doors from Downing Street?” Hall replied, “The case is plain, sir,—the case is plain; the darkest part of the room is just under the candlestick.”

The late John Foster, the Essayist, after having just read an account of some new sect, erroneous on the whole, but adopting immersion as the introduction to their fellowship, said to Mr. Hall, “It is exceedingly mortifying, sir, to see how almost every new class of heretics embrace our views of baptism; how do you account for it, sir?” “Oh, in the easiest way in the world, sir,” replied Hall, “common sense is on our side, and these persons pay us the highest compliment in the world. They see we are right, and know we have the finest pastures in the world, and they think they cannot do better than to turn their flocks into them.”

The general character of Mr. Hall, was that of one of the humblest of men; but there were seasons when his natural vanity would show itself. On one occasion of this sort, he received a reproach which he never forgot, and which is known to have had great influence upon his conduct for many years before his death. The late Isaiah Birt, and he, were very intimate friends, and were once together at a public meeting in London, where a sermon was expected from some preacher, who disappointed them.—The task, consequently, devolved on Mr. Hall, or Mr. Birt. Hall was asked to preach, but would give no answer to the request.—The two friends walked together to the house of God, and the answer was not forthcoming even after the service had commenced. Birt saw the truth of the matter, and prepared himself for the event. At length, having looked at the congregation, and probably hesitating as to its high intellectual character, Mr. Hall turned to his friend, and said, “Well, Birt, I think I shall not preach.” Birt tapped him on the shoulder, and replied, “No, brother Hall, you shall not; you are in a very improper state of mind to preach to poor sinners in the name of our Great Master,” and immediately ascended the pulpit, and delivered one of his most pathetic and powerful sermons. “Why, sir,” said Hall, when once telling the story, “my dear brother Birt inflicted a stroke, the salutary influence of which, I shall carry with me to the grave.”

An anecdote has lately been told in some

of our papers, relative to Mr. Hall sarcastically remarking of a popular preacher, that his preaching was perpetual motion without advance; corresponding with this, was a complaint he once uttered in the hearing of the writer, that a minister of his own neighborhood had been keeping his people for seven years in a thick fog, lest they should discover that he had made no progress in his studies.

### A Certain Poor Widow.

We have not so much as her name to call her by. But we have what is better—her deed. She was poor. How poor? Was she one of that class of paupers who have money in bank, money for market and shop, money for concerts and journeys, but nothing in the world for charity? Was she one of those who are impoverished by the “so many calls”—who are drained by the mere appeal to give, though they give next to nothing—who have “nothing at present?” Did she belong to one of those congregations who are too poor to pay for their place of worship, or to sustain the means of worship creditably, though they dwell in well furnished and high-rented houses?

But how poor was the widow? We have the appraisement of all the living that she had. The sum was precisely two mites—or to speak of it in the largest terms it admits of, one farthing.

There was a treasury for the receipt of contributions to the Lord's house in Jerusalem. A constant income was necessary to repair the buildings and maintain the worship. Did the poor woman pass by the treasury and shake her head, saying she had nothing to give? Or that what she had was too trifling to offer—too small to be entered on the subscription book? Or did she say, let the rich throw in much—they can afford it—my gift would be worth nothing?

No. The certain poor widow gave nobody the trouble of calling on her, of listening to her polite apologies. She took her farthing in her hand, and went up to the great temple, and when she saw some of the rich throwing in their handfuls of shekels, or their minas, she was glad she had two pence to add to the collection, and the brass mites were as cheerfully dropped as any gold or silver that went into the treasury that day.

Yes, and they were as cheerfully received. For the Lord of the temple was sitting over against the treasury at the time, and declared that inasmuch as she had in the fulness of her heart bestowed all that she possessed, she had done more than all others.

And the same Lord has his eye upon every disciple who has now the privilege of contributing to this cause. He knows who gives, and who withholds; he discerns the cheerful and the grudging giver; he estimates the gift, not by its intrinsic amount, but by the proportion it bears to the means of the donor. A farthing may represent more in his view, and be more abundantly recompensed than the thousands or tens of thousands which men emblazon when they are given, though they scarcely diminish the heap from which they are taken.—*Presbyterian*.

From the American Messenger.

### An Uncommon Congregation.

I was, not a long time since, reading an account of a congregation which assembled many years ago. It struck me as somewhat peculiar: I will mention some of its characteristics.

1. All the members of the congregation were at the place of meeting. I do not know whether it was a pleasant day or not, but they were all there. One did not say, on the morning of that day, “I have been at meeting pretty constantly of late—I will stay at home and read this morning.” Another did not say, “I don't know what to think of the weather; it may rain; I think I will stay at home this forenoon.” Another did not say, “I don't feel very well, and I have a great deal to do to-morrow; I will stay at home and rest.” Another did not say, “It will be crowded to-day, and I am so nervous that I cannot be where there is a crowd.” No such sayings were uttered by any members of the congregation.—They were all at the place of meeting.

2. They were all there in time. They were all there before the minister came.—There were none coming in while he was engaged in the introductory services. Not a door was heard, nor a footstep, after he arose to speak.

3. They were all prepared to give attention to the speaker. There were none who said in their hearts, “I wonder if we shall have anything interesting to-day—anything that will call off my attention from the meadow I am draining, or the house I am building, or those goods which I am to dispose of at so handsome a profit.” There were none who seated themselves with the expectation of falling asleep as soon as the preacher named his text. There were none looking about to see if they could discover any new shawls, bonnets, or dresses. They were all prepared to listen to the preacher.

4. They were ready and willing to hear just what God commanded him to speak.

There were none who came to enjoy an oratorical treat. There were none who came to criticize and to find fault. There were none who came with a determination to attend to nothing and to be pleased with nothing, unless it was in accordance with their preconceived opinions. They were willing to listen to the word of God.

5. They heard with the purpose of doing what was required of them. They did not say, “That was an excellent sermon,” and pay no further regard to it. They came to learn their duty, in order to do it.

Such were some of the characteristics of that congregation. How far it was like to those of our highly favored land, I leave the reader to decide. I will close my communication by referring you to the book containing the account above alluded to: Acts 12.

From Zion's Advocate.

### “They don't Charge.”

During a recent visit to New Hampshire, the writer fell in company with Gen. Pierce, from whom he heard the following thrilling statements concerning two brave officers, who fell in Mexico while leading their respective regiments against the enemy.

The gallant Col. Ransom, though suffering from two or three severe wounds, continued at his post, urging forward his men. At length a ball passed through his brain, proving a death-shot,—and as he fell slowly from his horse, he was heard to say—“forward, men—forward—it is my dying command,”—and immediately expired.

Another officer, in one of those fierce battles that preceded the entrance of our army into the city of Mexico, was directed to make a charge, at a point strongly fortified by the enemy, but the taking of which seemed specially important in carrying out the plans of the commander-in-chief. In executing the order, he was compelled to cross a plain when his men were exposed to a terrible fire, and where for a moment they seemed to filter, as though to advance were certain death. While attempting to urge them forward, he received a ball thro' his heart, and turning to a fellow officer, died with these desponding words on his lips: “They don't charge—they don't charge”—his voice sinking to a death whisper, and the last word remaining unwhispered on his lips!

As Gen. P. was extolling the bravery of these ill-fated young officers, I thought of Comstock, one of our gallant young officers in the host of God's elect, who so nobly fell while conducting an assault on one of the strong holds of Satan's empire.

Different, indeed, were the circumstances of his fall from those of the officers just named—different the motives that led him to the post of danger, and O how different the emotions of his heart, and the reward before him, as his eyes closed on the scenes of time. And yet there were some points of striking analogy. Both were heroic, both were so fixed on executing the order of their commander-in-chief, as to peril their lives; both died lamenting the want of firmness and energy in the forces they were leading to victory.

If I mistake not, in the former case, the faltering party were aroused by seeing their leader fall, and under a subordinate officer, carried the post by storm. Shall the Baptists in America do the same? True, the expiring language of Comstock, in reference to us was—“They don't charge”—“They don't charge”—But may we not, with God's blessing, retrieve our character? Rallying under those who rush forward to fill Comstock's place, shall not the charge be renewed, and Arracaen be taken? Yes—if every one will say—“I'll try.” E.

### What News?

When you enquire after public news, in that wait upon God; do it with an eye to him; for this reason, because you are truly concerned for the interests of his kingdom in the world, and lay them near your hearts; because you have a passion for mankind, for the lives and souls of men, and especially of God's people. Ask,—“What news?” not as the Athenians, only to satisfy a vain curiosity, and to pass away an hour or two, but that you may know how to direct your prayers and praises, and how to balance your hopes and fears, and may gain such an understanding of the times as to learn what you and others ought to do. If the face of public affairs be bright and pleasing, wait upon God to carry on and perfect his own work, and depend not upon the wisdom or strength of any instruments. If it be dark and discouraging, wait upon God to prevent the fears of his people, and to appear for them when he sees that their strength is gone. In the midst of the greatest successes of the church, and the smiles of second chances, we must not think it needless to wait on God; and in the midst of its greatest discouragements, when its affairs are reduced to the last extremity, we must not think it fruitless to wait upon God; the creatures cannot help without him, but he can help without them.—*Matthew Henry*.

I will not be so merry as to forget God nor so sorrowful as to forget myself.—*Ben Hall*.

may have mercy, they do not and when they would have mercy cannot obtain it. He that in his skins it too early to be converted, will find it too late to be saved. *Rev. Mead*.

Two Heaps.—“I see in this world,” John Newton, “two heaps—one happiness and one of misery;—one the smallest bit from the cap and add to the first, I carry a penny, and if, by giving it another, wipe away its tears, I feel that I am something. I should be glad to do great things, but I will not such little ones as these.”

or beauty, or whatever worldly hath been, doth but grieve us; it is, doth not satisfy us; that will be, is uncertain. What folly to any of them!—*Bishop Hall*.

The pillar of fire which leads the promised land. The world's rent.

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DANIEL W. CLARK, President, 100 State Street, Secretary, Jan. 1847.

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ROBERT M. D., late of Philadelphia, respects his services to the citizens of Hartford. Having enjoyed the advantages of the University of Pennsylvania Hospital, with the most distinguished Divisions of the city, he feels that disease in any of its forms, Hall Building, Main street, where he has his office, and where he can be consulted at all hours of the night.

### WINESTOCK'S VERMIFUGE.

WINESTOCK & Co., 725, 727, 729, 731, 733, 735, 737, 739, 741, 743, 745, 747, 749, 751, 753, 755, 757, 759, 761, 763, 765, 767, 769, 771, 773, 775, 777, 779, 781, 783, 785, 787, 789, 791, 793, 795, 797, 799, 801, 803, 805, 807, 809, 811, 813, 815, 817, 819, 821, 823, 825, 827, 829, 831, 833, 835, 837, 839, 841, 843, 845, 847, 849, 851, 853, 855, 857, 859, 861, 863, 865, 867, 869, 871, 873, 875, 877, 879, 881, 883, 885, 887, 889, 891, 893, 895, 897, 899, 901, 903, 905, 907, 909, 911, 913, 915, 917, 919, 921, 923, 925, 927, 929, 931, 933, 935, 937, 939, 941, 943, 945, 947, 949, 951, 953, 955, 957, 959, 961, 963, 965, 967, 969, 971, 973, 975, 977, 979, 981, 983, 985, 987, 989, 991, 993, 995, 997, 999, 1001, 1003, 1005, 1007, 1009, 1011, 1013, 1015, 1017, 1019, 1021, 1023, 1025, 1027, 1029, 1031, 1033, 1035, 1037, 1039, 1041, 1043, 1045, 1047, 1049, 1051, 1053, 1055, 1057, 1059, 1061, 1063, 1065, 1067, 1069, 1071, 1073, 1075, 1077, 1079, 1081, 1083, 1085, 1087, 1089, 1091, 1093, 1095, 1097, 1099, 1101, 1103, 1105, 1107, 1109, 1111, 1113, 1115, 1117, 1119, 1121, 1123, 1125, 1127, 1129, 1131, 1133, 1135, 1137, 1139, 1141, 1143, 1145, 1147, 1149, 1151, 1153, 1155, 1157, 1159, 1161, 1163, 1165, 1167, 1169, 1171, 1173, 1175, 1177, 1179, 1181, 1183, 1185, 1187, 1189, 1191, 1193, 1195, 1197, 1199, 1201, 1203, 1205, 1207, 1209, 1211, 1213, 1215, 1217, 1219, 1221, 1223, 1225, 1227, 1229, 1231, 1233, 1235, 1237, 1239, 1241, 1243, 1245, 1247, 1249, 1251, 1253, 1255, 1257, 1259, 1261, 1263, 1265, 1267, 1269, 1271, 1273, 1275, 1277, 1279, 1281, 1283, 1285, 1287, 1289, 1291, 1293, 1295, 1297, 1299, 1301, 1303, 1305, 1307, 1309, 1311, 1313, 1315, 1317, 1319, 1321, 1323, 1325, 1327, 1329, 1331, 1333, 1335, 1337,

## Christian Secretary.

HARTFORD, FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1848.

## Bible History of Revivals.

DURING THE RULE OF NEHEMIAH.

No. VI.—Nehemiah, Chapters viii. ix. x.

Among the captives still detained in Babylon, was one of distinguished piety and merit, who evidently stood high in the estimation of the Persian monarch. This was Nehemiah, as some suppose, of the royal family, which is probable, as he was promoted by the king to the station of cup-bearer. Though born in Babylon, and never having seen the land of his fathers, yet Jerusalem was dear to his heart, and he desired the time when the reproach of his people should be removed, and their captivity restored.

On a certain occasion, when some of the Jews came from Jerusalem, Nehemiah inquired of them respecting the condition of their brethren and the holy city. Their report was sad one, that the people were in great affliction, and the city desolate. Dejected and sorrowful, he requested permission of the king to go himself to Jerusalem, to rebuild its walls and alleviate the distresses of his kindred. This request was readily granted, with such additional favors as would succeed him in his undertaking. Through various trying and adverse fortunes, he succeeded in reaching and rebuilding Jerusalem; of correcting many abuses, and restoring much of order and peace, and something of prosperity to the scattered remnant of a once happy and powerful people. As governor of the Jews, he was just in his administrations, and successful in his endeavors.

Some fifteen years had passed since the revival of piety, and the reformation of the people under the ministry of Ezra, when the walls being rebuilt, and various plans for defence completed, the priestly service also being restored, the attention of the people was again called to the religious as well as physical improvement and restoration of Jerusalem. Ezra was still with them, and no doubt he had labored as faithfully to build the spiritual walls of Zion as to secure her temporal defenses. "And all the people gathered themselves together as one man, into the street that was before the water gate; and they spake unto Ezra the scribe to bring the book of the law of Moses, which the Lord commanded to Israel." They gathered together, men, women and children, "those that could understand," and Ezra brought out the book of the law, and having ascended a raised platform so as to be seen by all the people, he opened the book, "and when he opened it, all the people stood up." When Ezra gave thanks to God, "and all the people answered Amen, Amen, with uplifted hands; then bowing their faces to the earth, they worshipped the Lord.

Then Ezra read the scriptures to the congregation "from the morning until mid-day," "and the ears of all the people were attentive unto the book of the law." Nor is it strange that they found it difficult to understand that word of truth; in consequence of this, the priests and Levites "caused the people to understand the law; and the people stood in their place." By these explanations, the people were able to understand the divine teaching. "So they read in the book, in the law of God, distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." Now when they heard and understood the divine law, they were troubled; they saw its holiness, and their own sins; they were troubled, they were alarmed, "for all the people wept when they heard the words of the law."

Thus ended this day; and it must be acknowledged that deep religious impressions had been made. On the second day they came together again to hear the law still further explained. Among other things, they learned that "the Lord had commanded by Moses, that the children of Israel should dwell in booths in the feast of the seventh month." This command, it seems, had not been kept since the days of Joshua; and as the feast of Tabernacles was now at hand, they resolved to keep it according to the original institution. Accordingly they prepared booths, made with the branches of the trees, upon the flat roofs of their houses, in the streets and courts of their dwellings. Under these they dwelt for seven days, during the feast. The eighth day was a solemn assembly. During all this time they served God with joyful hearts, "and there was great gladness." Nor did they, in the festivities of the occasion, forget the law of the Lord. "Day by day, from the first day unto the last day, he read in the book of the law of God."

Through all this feast there had been a general expression of thanksgiving and joy, for the fruits of the earth; but the feast was past, and the law to which they had daily listened, awakened in their minds convictions of their sins; they saw in the strong contrast of God's goodness to them on the one hand, and their ingratitude and rebellion on the other, an abundant occasion for sorrow as well as joy, for mourning, abasement and confession, before Him against whom they had so grievously transgressed. So strong was this sentiment on their minds, that the next day after the services of the feast were closed, they again "were assembled with fasting, and with sackcloths, and earth upon them," thus exhibiting the most decided indications of contrition and sorrow for their iniquities—the iniquities that had caused their misfortune. "There the seed of Israel separated themselves from all strangers, and stood and confessed their sins, and the iniquities of their fathers."

The course of their religious exercises is very interesting. "They stood up in their place, and read in the book of the law of the Lord their God, one fourth part of the day; and another fourth part they confessed and worshipped the Lord their God." This being concluded, a season of prayer followed; how much time it occupied, we know not, but eight Levites are mentioned, who "stood up" on the platform, "and cried with a loud voice unto the Lord their God." That a loud voice was, in this case, needed, no one will doubt, who considers that the congregation was immensely large, that it was in the open air, and that all the people wished to hear. Then eight more, a part of whom were the same, exhorted the people to gratitude and thanksgiving; which was followed by an address of acknowledgment and supplication by one of them, probably Joshua, or Joshua, the son of Joradai the high priest, whose name is prominent in all their transactions, in which he makes great confession of their sins, supplicates the divine mercy and blessing, and to attend them, and concludes by declaring, "because of all this, we make a sure covenant, and write it, and our princes, Levites and singers, set their seal unto it."

So the people united in the covenant, "and entered into a curse, and into an oath, to walk in God's law." They pledged themselves that they would not enter into marriage connections with the people of the land; that they would do no business on the Sabbath, or on the holy days; that they would support the service of the temple, by annual contributions; that they would present to the Lord the first fruits of all their increase, and that they would not "forsake the house of our God."

Deserving remark in this case, is,

1. The pious character of the governor Nehemiah, whose example is worthy to be followed by rulers, "and all in authority." While as a civil magistrate, his zeal and policy were worthy of all praise, as a worshipper of the true God, his great anxiety was to win his people from their sins, and establish the honor of Jehovah.

2. The sense of propriety by which their services were guided, is also worthy of notice. It is hardly possible that the improved taste and delicate patience of these modern times, would endure to stand in the open streets "from morning until mid-day" to hear the word of God read and explained, much less to do it "day by day." It would be thought going to extremes also, to read and hear the book of the law "one fourth part of the day, and another fourth part confess and worship."

3. The order of their religious service is interesting too. These exercises consisted in reading and explaining the scriptures,—this was the prominent part; confession of sins and acknowledgment of God's goodness; prayer, in which several united, not vocally in unison, as may well be presumed, but successively; and remarks and exhortations, as the priests, Levites and rulers were disposed to give, without regard to sacerdotal consecration to give them authority for so doing; to various of these exercises the people did respond, that is, they said, "Amen."

4. Doubtless there are those whose exquisite sensibilities, whose delicate sense of propriety, would bind religious assemblies to a rigid and frigid exactness, both in the outward order and the inward feeling, who would have regarded the true interests of religion as scandalized by such proceedings as these, which they would consider tumultuous and disorderly. At one time, weeping and lamentation, at another, joy and gladness, agitated the multitude.

5. The means which in this case were successful in working conviction on the minds of the people, was, that "they read in the book, in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." But even this, done on a single occasion only, or at considerable intervals, might have failed of success; but the attendance and attention of the people were secured day after day, continuously, for nearly a month, perhaps more; for the first assembly to hear Ezra read the law, was "the first day of the seventh month," and the solemn fast last mentioned, commenced on the twenty-fourth day of the same month, the feast of tabernacles, held eight days, and other services intervening.

We have now gone through the history of those events which are properly termed revivals,—their history, so far as it is contained in the Old Testament. Doubtless there were other events similar in their character, but limited and local in their effects; indeed we have a bare mention of several such, which probably to single communities were as deeply interesting as many of those which we call extensive and powerful revivals.

The one we have just noticed, classes the Bible history of revivals, until another and a better dispensation dawn on the world. A little more than four hundred years was to intervene before the righteous Branch—the Messiah—should come, and gather the people unto himself. This event was abundantly foretold during these very times of Ezra and Nehemiah. The prophet Haggai encouraged Zerubbabel and the people to rebuild the temple; Zechariah prophesied, foretelling the Messiah's coming, and spread out the glories of that better time; Malachi also, who is confidently believed by many to have been Ezra himself, closes the canon with his instructions and warnings, and predicts Christ's forerunner and coming, though centuries should elapse before that glorious day should dawn on a dark and ruined world.

In reviewing the history of these events, we perceive a great similarity in them; a general likeness marking them all, still varying much in their more minute details.

1. Seasons of protracted religious worship were common, and in connection with such seasons did these revivals uniformly occur. Indeed the law made provision for such protracted assemblies, and required the people to hold three each year, at which they should meet in Jerusalem, beside other less general occasions. The wisdom of this arrangement, aside from its commemorative and social benefits, will not be doubted by those who know how difficult it is to effect permanent religious impressions on the minds of people by the influence of a single meeting. I speak here of the use of means, without any reference to the independent power of the Holy Spirit. On these occasions the attention of the people was held day after day, to the same subject, till it was understood and felt.

2. The character of the preaching on these occasions, is deserving special regard. It was plain, simple, direct and brief, and aimed, with great uniformity, to accomplish three things; first, to make the people sensible of the goodness of God to them; second, to make them feel their own sinfulness; and third, to make them feel the need of God's grace. It was contrasted with the divine goodness; third, it was attempted to instill into the people in the law should go. And to accomplish all these, the law was constantly referred to, and the book of the law used where it was available; indeed, on some occasions, reading and explaining the scriptures constituted a large part of the service.

3. The emotions experienced at these times were expressed ingeniously. If penitence and grief took possession of their hearts, they mourned and wept; if joy and gratitude filled their souls, they rejoiced and gave thanks; in neither case were they restrained by any false or pretended delicacy, from permitting their feelings to express themselves. For one to feign the emotions of the mind, in order to produce those emotions themselves, is somewhat ridiculous; scarcely less so, is it to pretend that genuine feeling may not be expressed with perfect propriety; indeed, genuine feeling, deeply wrought by the power of truth and the divine Spirit, will manifest itself, and according to its intensity.

4. If it be asked whether, in the cases already noticed, it be presumed that individuals who were

reformed, were regenerated according to our understanding of that term, I answer, that may be presumed in many of the individual cases.

Ecton.

## The War in the Caucasus.

The following brief notice of the progress of this war was received by the Britannia:

The Russian army is still busily engaged in Caucasasia, and have defeated the mountaineers in one or two engagements, with severe loss on both sides. The engagements, however, were not decisive, and the mountaineers were un subdued.

The intrepid Schamyl was still harassing the Russians in the Caucasus. The latest accounts received from St. Petersburg announce that Gen. Freytag has been obliged to move forward with nine battalions, 450 Cossacks, and 16 pieces of ordnance, to engage the mountaineers, and that it has been necessary to employ Congreve rockets to destroy two hamlets. In one of these encounters the Russians had 18 soldiers and 8 officers killed, with 148 soldiers wounded. Considerable portions of the woods have been burnt to facilitate the advance of the Russian columns. Col. Slessoff has gained a victory at Unschapurb, on the river Walerick. The greater part of the enemy were killed, 22 taken prisoners, and the place reduced to ashes. The Russians had two officers and six men wounded.

The history of this war, which has been raging with more or less activity for about twelve years, and for several years past has been hurrying to a premature grave thirty thousand Russian soldiers annually by disease and conflict, and at this moment has 150,000 men engaged in fighting the Caucasians in their mountain fastnesses, is but little understood in this country. The United Service Journal furnished, recently, a pretty full account of the operations of this war, of which we avail ourselves, for many of the following facts.

By an article of the treaty of Adrianople, the Sublime Porte made over to Russia all its rights and possessions on the coast of Circassia—which were confined to a few isolated trading forts near the base of the mountains, established by consent of the natives. It is mainly in virtue of this treaty that Russia has since advanced a claim to the dominion of the whole of Circassia and the Caucasus, from which it would seem that, on the part of Russia, the Caucasian war is a war of conquest. As early as the year 1830, Kasi Mollah first aroused a great insurrection of the eastern tribes against the Russians. He fell two years afterwards in a conflict with Gen. Rosen, in his stronghold called Giuri. His name is still a spell of power in the Caucasus.

It was not till the year 1838 that the present Caucasian leader, Schamyl, became known to the Russians as a powerful chieftain at the head of some 3,000 soldiers. Since that period the war has raged with great vigor; the deadly hatred of the Russians to the faith of Mahomet serving to increase its bitterness.

It may be a matter of surprise that the 300,000 inhabitants of these mountains should, for so long a period, maintain a successful resistance to a nation numbering 60,000,000, and a standing army of 700,000 men. The principal cause for this is the situation of the cultivated lands on the mountains. Unlike the Alps, the Pyrenees or the Scottish Highlands, there are no valleys in the Caucasian range where an enemy can penetrate. It is only the high table lands on the slopes of the mountain ridges that are habitable. The valleys are deep and narrow ravines, often the beds of torrents difficult to cross, and presenting a serious obstacle to the advance of an invading force. The mountain sides, moreover, are covered by dense forests, through which a single wanderer finds it difficult in forcing his way. It may well be supposed that an army, encumbered by artillery and baggage, can make but slow progress through the country. Cannon, however, are indispensable in this contest, since they are the only arms of which the mountaineers really stand in dread. The terrible effects of artillery upon their breastworks of timber, have often compelled them to retreat from positions which would otherwise have been impregnable.

An incursion into the mountains under these circumstances is extremely difficult and dangerous. The narrow passes are barricaded, and in their attempts to pass, the Russians are cut down by the sharpshooters of the mountains. When the place of destination is reached it is found to contain only a few miserable huts which have been left vacant by their owners. These are burnt, and in retreating, the army finds more difficulties in the way than it did in advancing. The natives carry in one hand a long and heavy gun, in the other a forked stick, which is stuck in the ground for the purpose of furnishing a rest, and from every thicket and hiding place the Russian officers are selected as their victims, and shot down by the unerring aim of these mountain marks men. In one of these incursions, out of 60 officers, only 24 returned, and 2,000 soldiers remained dead on the field or along the train of march. In pursuing this mode of warfare, the Russian army has suffered terrible slaughter; the loss by disease and by conflict amounting to 30,000 men every year. The Emperor has increased his forces from time to time till he has swelled it to upwards of 150,000. Schamyl, the Caucasian leader, bears an almost illimitable sway over his followers, and has evinced much talent and skill as a defender of his country and in concentrating the feelings of the people in the defence of their homes. Circassia takes no part in the war although frequent attempts have been made to enlist their sympathies in the cause of the Caucasians.

## Religious Items.

REVIVAL IN ATTLEBORO, MS.—The pastor of the Church in Attleboro, writes us that during the last six months, a work of grace has been in progress among his people. It is confined to the attendants upon the means of grace, and principally to members of the Sabbath school. During its progress, there have been fifty cases of hopeful conversion, and from the character of the work, it is hoped that it will continue. The season has been one of refreshing from the Lord, and reviving to the interests of religion.—Boston Recorder.

EATON, N. H.—Zion in this place has laid aside her mourning robes, and clothed herself with "garments of praise," while witnessing the return of her wandering sons and daughters, and the conversion of sinners. Yesterday, Jan. 30, I had the happy privilege of baptizing nine converts in the presence of hundreds who were gathered together to witness the scene. Others are expected to go forward soon. The work goes gradually on, solemnly and steadily the wheels move, and without much excitement men turn to God.—Morning Star.

ROBERT OF THE "STABLE AT BETHLEHEM."—Foreign papers state that the large silver star upon the place supposed to have been the site of the manger where Christ was born, has been stolen.

The Latins and Greeks accuse each other of the robbery.

Rev. T. T. Devan, late missionary to China, has been transferred at his own request to France, where he is to labor under the patronage of the Missionary Union. Dr. Devan sailed from New York for Havre a few days since in the French packet, Duchesse d'Orleans.

A GOOD EPISCOPAL DOCTOR.—Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York city, is thus spoken of by a New York writer in the Boston Courier:

"The well known Dr. Tyng, of St. George's Church, formerly of Philadelphia, is rattling the dry bones of Episcopacy in this city with great effect. He is the John Wesley of America, to whom he bears so striking a personal resemblance, if the portraits of the distinguished founder of Methodism are correct in their physiognomical delineations. The two principal Episcopal churches in this city have very marked peculiarities. Trinity is rich and aristocratic, while Grace is rich and fashionable. Members of both will go to the opera. Dr. Tyng preaches the doctrine that no man can serve God and Mammon. And he does not tolerate the class whom Hannah More denominated 'the Bordeners.' He fires hot shot into the wealthy fashionables, and thunders out his sharp, pungent doctrines to large and admiring audiences.

GRAND COLLEGE, from which all religion was to be excluded, is after all not abandoned to utter atheism. One who has visited the College writes that morning prayers are read by the Matron, and that the children are all instructed to say their prayers at night. The prayer book of the Episcopal church is used, and much sound religious truth will be inculcated, contrary to the designs of the founders.

THE CENTRAL SUN.—Professor Muller, of Dorpat, Russia, has been led by various observations and calculations to the conclusion that the Pleiades seven stars, form the central group around which the solar system, with all its orbs, and the infinite works of the Milky Way, all revolve. The star Alcyone he takes to be the central sun, and calculates the distance from us to be 3,230,000,000 miles. The light of this sun he estimates to require five hundred years to reach us.

We are glad to be informed by the Watchman of the Valley, that the converts from Popery to Protestantism, in Cincinnati, have become so numerous, that it is proposed to erect a new church in that city for their accommodation.

The last Advocate and Journal, (Methodist) contains three columns of revival notices.

REAL TIME OF MR. ADAMS' DEATH.—When this venerable man was stricken down on Tuesday last and it was known that he could not recover, there seemed a general melancholy wish that he might die on Washington's birth day, as his FATHER AND JEFFERSON had died on the 4th July. He lingered however until the 23d, but as this date is new style, he actually expired on the anniversary of Washington's birth, which was the 11th February old style, which brings the anniversary correctly on the 23d, adding the twelve days for new style.—North American.

INTERESTING INCIDENT.—The Rev. J. Adams, of the New England Conference, a relative of the "old man eloquent," preached in one of the Methodist churches, in Washington on Sunday morning. He regarded his visit to Washington, at that time, as providential, as he learned from his cousin, J. Q. Adams, the genealogy of the family. He has no doubt that the journal of J. Q. Adams, is the complete history of the country, from its birth to the present time. So much method did he use, he could write while at Washington to his secretary in Quincy, and tell in what box, in what pigeon hole, and at what page he could find a copy of a letter or conversation he wished forwarded to him. On the top of each page was a square place, in which he inserted the names of persons who called that day. Rev. J. Adams was a delegate to the Evangelical alliance in London, in the summer of 1846.—Newark Eagle.

THE MOUNTAIN ARABS, on the sides of Lebanon, though formerly regarded as among the most unpromising subjects of Christian civilization, have recently shown themselves capable of appreciating the efforts of American missionaries for their spiritual and temporal good. The labors of Rev. Messrs. Whiting, Smith and Calhoun, (brother of the Hon. Senator of Massachusetts,) with other associates, have resulted in the conversion of many of these "Ismaelites" to the Christian faith. "Many of them may now," says Mr. Whiting, in a recent letter to the American Board, "be seen going out among their less favored countrymen, with multitudes of Arabic books,—real Christian Colporteurs, circulating Bibles and religious books among the millions speaking their noble language, many of whom are already prepared to read it intelligently."

PROTESTANTISM IN BELGIUM.—Rev. Mr. Anquier, Superintendent of the Evangelical Society's operations in Belgium, (says the Quarterly of that Society,) mentions the consecration of a Chapel in S., at which about a thousand persons were present.—He says:—

"The Vicar of S., who has recently been converted to the truth, together with two hundred and fifty of his parishioners, entered the pulpit, and with greatest simplicity and earnestness addressed the assembly, which filled the church and the adjacent streets. His discourse was truly remarkable; I have great confidence in this new convert. "Our chapel is filled every Sunday. A fortnight ago, some three hundred persons assembled to hear the Gospel at a marriage ceremony which I was called upon to perform. Many exclaimed as they were leaving; 'That is the way to sanctify a marriage. Here is life, and the power of the Gospel, teaching the husband and wife their duties.'"

"The work at V— is no less prosperous. When I first opened a chapel at that place, I feared lest I should find only a curious and fickle people; but my fears on this point have been removed. Our meetings are always well attended on the Sabbath. I am more than ever convinced of the indispensable necessity of the cause of Colportage, and of its primary importance in advancing the kingdom of God."

A revival of religion has been in progress in North Oxford, Mass., for some months past. The work has been gradual, and still continues. At Conway, Me., there is also a revival. About thirty have professed conversion.

A HARD QUESTION.—A Mr. Edge Avery, of Boston, addressed to Rev. Hosea Ballou, of Boston, the question:—

"Is he who sedulously and practically cultivates his moral and intellectual nature in this life, if he had in no better condition in the future, than if he had pursued an opposite course, and followed the unnatural desires of his depraved animal propensities? Is a Dr. Channing to be no better Christian than a George Hancwell, whose sentence

of death the Governor has recently commuted to imprisonment for life?

This question Mr. Ballou publishes in the Trumpet, with an answer, in which he says he has no information, by which he can answer the question.—Parian.

## Anti-Sabbath Convention.

Preparations are making for a great Come-outer gathering in this city, in a few days, to stir up indignation against the observance of the Sabbath. We attach very little importance to the thing; and yet a few remarks may not be out of place. The address calling the convention is signed by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Francis Jackson, Theodore Parker, Edmund Jackson, Charles F. Hovey, Maria W. Chapman, Edmund Quincy, Abby Kelley Foster, Parker Pillsbury, Lucretia Mott, Charles C. Burleigh, Henry C. Wright, and others of the same class—veterans in the cause of Come-outism. It is, of course, no new development. Several years ago, the same thing was attempted, by the same party; and the result of it was most happy.—Boston Parian.

Most of the names appended to this call were once distinguished characters in the ranks of moral reform; but there is sad evidence that their principles were not based on the authority of the Bible, and that they themselves are strangers to the truth as it is in Jesus. The leading principle in these men's hearts appears to be opposition to the religion of the gospel, for they belong to that class of men who delight only in being at war with the virtuous part of community. They will work with a zeal worthy a better cause, in pulling down the ancient landmarks of Christianity, but they are never found engaged in building up a good cause; and yet they boldly claim that they are the only pure spirits on earth. It was the ultra radicalism and love of opposition in Garrison and his followers, that led them on in their opposition to slavery rather than a pure love to mankind, as their subsequent acts too clearly prove. Ultraism is dangerous to the peace and happiness of those who become its victims.

## Sunday Mails.

The several railway companies between Albany and Buffalo, at a meeting held in Albany a few days since, adopted a resolution to discontinue the running of the cars on Sunday, if the Post Master General will assent thereto.

The expense of running a mail on the Sabbath is three times greater than on week days, in consequence of the necessity of employing a special train, or steamboat for the purpose, for which the Government is obliged to pay the whole expense; so the cost of breaking the Sabbath falls on the Post Office department; while the sin must rest, not only upon that department but also upon those who are engaged in transporting the mail—whether they are stockholders or employed by stockholders, in running the boats and cars. The whole business of running a mail on the Sabbath, aside from its desecration of the day, is now rendered nearly or quite useless by the magnetic telegraph. If it is necessary to transmit any important message on the Sabbath, it can be done by telegraph without a steam boat or locomotive being getting under way; and into such general use has the telegraph already come that messages can be sent to almost any part of the Union with the speed of lightning. A few months only will elapse before a chain of telegraphic communication from Maine to New Orleans will be in operation. Under this improved means of conveying intelligence, where is the use of Sunday Mails?

In addition to the action of the Albany and Buffalo companies we see it stated that the Directors of the Rail Road between New York and Philadelphia, have given notice to the Post Office Department that after their present contract expires they will not run their cars on Sunday. We hope this example will be followed by every Rail Road corporation in the country.

## Dedication in Ware, Ms.

The new Baptist church recently erected in the pleasant village of Ware, Ms., was dedicated, by appropriate religious services, on the 23d ult. Br. Jennings of Worcester, preached on the occasion, and it was one of his happiest efforts. His sermon, founded upon those familiar words, "This is now other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven," made the large audience feel that a church consecrated to the worship of God is a sacred place. Br. A. Gale, the pastor, offered the dedicatory prayer. Br. Curtis of Belchertown, addressed the people. Brn. Hodges, Jacobs, Cote and Farrar, also took part in the exercises.

The house was crowded, and many were unable to secure a place to stand anywhere within the house. This church is 66 by 42 feet, having a basement and a steeple of beautiful proportions. The walls of the audience room are covered with a light stone colored paper, and the plastering above is covered with a fresco painted work, by Mr. Burnham of your own city. A beautiful representation of a recess is painted in rear of the pulpit. The orchestra constitutes all the gallery. The floor is entirely covered with a neat looking carpet, and upon this, instead of the common church slips, set sofas, capable of accommodating six persons. These sofas have stuffed backs, spring seats, covered with hair cloth. The wood work is covered with mahogany. These seats (costing but a little more than the common cushioned seats) are the most perfect of any that I have ever seen in a church, and I think that they must be imitated by others; and to a Society about to build a church, I would advise them to examine this neat and commodious church as a good sample for a village house of worship.

## Letter from Deep River.

DEAR BRO. BURR.—The last number of the Charter Oak contains an item from Deep River, from which it may be inferred that some of your subscribers have taken sides with Mr. Burleigh, and against the Secretary, in your controversy. I think this must be a mistake—at least I do not know of a single subscriber to the Secretary who justifies the attitude which the Charter Oak has assumed towards you.

I send you three additional subscribers, one of whom has heretofore been agent for the Charter Oak in this village. Please let them commence with the first number in the next volume.

Yours truly, HENRY WOOSTER.

The remains of the Hon. John Quincy Adams will pass through this city to day, (Thursday), attended by the delegation from Congress. The Mayor having been notified of the circumstance by the delegation, we presume he will see that suitable honors are paid to the memory of the distinguished statesman.

[The following lines were sung at the Ninth st. Baptist church, Cincinnati, on the evening of the 5th inst., on the occasion of an address on the death of J. Q. Adams, delivered by the Rev. E. L. McGoon, and were forwarded for insertion in the Secretary. We learn that the address was a finished production, and was listened to by as many as could possibly get into the house.]

## HYMN.

BY W. D. GALLAGHER.  
A Nation mourns, to-day,  
Its fallen good and great,  
Whose noble spirit pass'd away  
Amid the high debate:  
Pass'd where he long had stood,  
Contending for the Right;  
Still firm, and true, and unshaken—  
Still unappall'd by Might.

How earned he the meed  
Of lofty, bright renown,  
For which through life men toil and bleed,  
And sink exhausted down?  
Stoop'd his high soul to court  
The plaudits of the crowd?  
Deign'd he, with demagogue resort,  
To ring men's praises loud?

Did he, on fields of blood,  
Midst cannon belching flame,  
His sword dip in the purple flood,  
And trace with it his name?  
Or, on the far, deep sea,  
His nation's flag below,  
Blend it with shouts of victory,  
Death-groans and curses?—No!

Not on the death-strewn wreck,  
Not on the gory plain,  
Sought he a mortal name to deck  
With trophies of the slain:  
But as man's true friend,  
The champion of the Right—  
Unknown to swerve, untaught to bend,  
In Mind's sublimer fight.

His glory 'twas, that though  
Oft mark'd, and under ban,  
He ever stood 'to Pow'r to bow,  
But stood erect—a man!  
Firm as the rooted rock—  
The bulwark of the Free;  
Joyriding, whate'er the shock—  
Calm, midst the dread melee.

SUNDAY PAPERS.—It is estimated among the paper dealers, that forty thousand papers are sold in the city of New York every Sunday. These papers glory in the title of Sunday Mercury; Sunday Times, &c., and are hawked about the street by hundreds of boys during the day to the great annoyance of the religious part of the community. This evil will increase in magnitude with the growth of our large cities, unless some measures are adopted to prevent the nuisance—for a nuisance it most certainly is to have the worship of those who are assembled at the House of God disturbed by the yells of these news-boys on the outside of the house, from Sabbath to Sabbath. The papers themselves, as might be inferred from their titles, are opposed to pure religion, and from the insipid contents of their columns as well as the time on which they are circulated, are directly calculated to bring Christianity into disrepute. Let an effort be made in earnest by the friends of virtue and morality to suppress the sale of these papers and it may be accomplished.

SLANDER CASE.—By the following paragraph from the Springfield Gazette, we learn that the vexatious law case commenced by George Waters, an excluded member of the Baptist church in Belchertown, Mass., against Dea. Increase Gilbert, of Amherst, has been decided in favor of the defendant. We understand that this same Waters has sued the Baptist church in Amherst for the balance of his salary which he claims is still due him, and has also brought a suit for slander against the members of the Council who advised his dismission from the pastorate of the church in Amherst.

The Court of Common Pleas, Judge Merrick presiding, at Northampton, was occupied nearly all the time last week in the trial of a slander suit in which Rev. George Waters, former pastor of the Baptist church in Amherst was plaintiff, and Increase Gilbert, a deacon in the same church, was defendant. "The slander alleged consisted in the defendant having stated that the plaintiff had altered the Society record so as to make the vote by which he was to receive \$150 salary as pastor, read \$500. It appeared that the salary actually voted by the Society was \$150, and in the settlement of Waters, it was stipulated that he should receive an additional sum sufficient to make \$500 in all, from other sources. A great number of witnesses were examined on both sides, and the case was given to the jury on Saturday evening. On Monday morning they came in with a verdict for the defendant.

CIRCULAR.—SPECIAL REQUEST.—The Secretaries of Baptist Conventions and General Associations in the following named States, are respectfully requested to forward, by mail, to the Am. Baptist Home Mission Rooms, New York, a copy of the Annual Report of their respective bodies for 1847, immediately, if printed, or as soon as possible after they are printed, viz:—New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Western Pa., North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Illinois, and Wisconsin.

B. M. HILL, Cor. Sec. A. B. H. M. S.

RUSSIA.—At a review of 100,000 troops lately in Russia, the Emperor said, "this is not mere theory. In two years I will lead these troops to glorious conquest; I am not pleased with my neighbors."—Exchange paper.

The above little paragraph, which is going the rounds of the secular papers, may not be entirely destitute of truth. Russia keeps the largest standing army of any nation in the world, amounting to some eight hundred thousand men. Why the Emperor maintains such a vast army as this, it is difficult to tell, unless it be that he has some secret design against his "neighbors." It is well known that Russia entertains a deadly hostility towards Turkey. So intolerant is this hatred, that it is no uncommon sight in Russia to see beneath the cross on their church steeples, a crescent, by which it is designed to be understood, that Russia intends to subjugate the Turkish empire.

BAPTISM.—Thirteen candidates were baptized in the river, at the foot of Trumbull street, last Sabbath; five by Rev. Mr. Turnbull, and eight by Rev. Mr. Stone.

The Phelps Manufacturing Company, at Broad Brook, East Windsor has failed. The liabilities are said to amount from \$300,000 to \$400,000.

LIBERAL CONTRIBUTION.—The church, N. Y., contributed one of the Evangelical Society of Geneva a presentation of an Appeal from the Rev. Mr. Kirk, on Sabbath ult.

RAIL ROAD FEVER.—There is a new craze now sweeping over the great Rail Road mania of England bankruptcies and commercial distresses should serve as a warning on this side of the water not to the business of making Rail Roads are actually demanded by the people, they will be just as there appears to be just at present of feeling in regard to the terminate disastrously one of

MEYER MISSION.—A letter from an American vessel at Sierra Leone, 9, 1847, says: "Mr. Raymond Meyer Mission, died about the 1st of black vomit, which has prevailed here, for some months."

Mr. Raymond went to Africa, Africans of the Amistad under the Anti-Slavery Foreign Mission

GOVERNOR'S LECTURES.—We learn that Gough is doing a good work in his lectures in this State. He lectured the present week, when about 1000 persons signed the pledge. Next in Hartford for four successive

A ball came off at Gilman's Store evening of the present week, under the direction of the ladies. The proceeds of the evening were for the benefit of the Anti-Slavery cause. The property of the ladies may well be questioned, hence that will happen only once

DIVIDENDS.—The Phoenix Insurance Company has declared a dividend of five per cent.

THE NEW MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, edited by Mrs. E. M. Kirkland. The March number of this Magazine is a good deal of contents. The English and elegant. "Steps to Ruin," "Pardoned," are beautiful pictures there are eight other engravings of the Fashion Plate. The Magazine is conducted by Mrs. Kirkland, nothing to offend the ear of delicate persons.—Posse & Bowers, Agents.

## News of the

TERRIBLE DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA, a farmer, residing at Bridgeport, Pa., died on Friday morning, his having



Poetry.

The Flower of Scotia's Clime.

Where Eildon hills in beauty rise,  
And Tweed's bright waters spread,  
Along its pebbly bed;  
While birds among the heather sang  
At the sweet vernal time,  
A youthful lover fondly woo'd  
The flower of Scotia's clime.

Rear'd in the shaded manse, she bloom'd  
Beneath fraternal care,  
Yet where old Dryburgh's turrets rise,  
With oriel windows fair,  
A bridal train went wandering on,  
Mid summer's freshest prime,  
For he, that ardent youth, had won  
The flower of Scotia's clime.

He bore her to the broad, green West,  
Across the billow's sheen,  
And plac'd her in his garden fair,  
To be his Eden queen,  
While tender plants of trusting love  
Sprang round her matron prime,  
And well their ripening fragrance cheer'd  
The flower of Scotia's clime.

But sorrow steals o'er earthly joy,  
As winter strips the bower,  
Nor can affection's sleepless watch  
Repel the spoiler's power,  
For when autumnal blossoms rare  
Were in their glorious prime,  
Low, on her death-cold pillow, lay  
The flower of Scotia's clime.

Yet grace like her survives the tomb,  
The immortal essence rose  
To him on whose undying word  
The pure in heart repose,  
And where unfading garlands bloom,  
Mid harmony's soft strains,  
She flows a home, where here we call'd  
The flower of Scotia's clime.

My Child.

Sometimes I think of him, as here in the tomb,  
Mid musing in silence, alone, and in gloom,  
And almost with fear and with sorrow I start,  
And a shuddering thrill will creep through my heart.  
But the spirit I loved, that was my boy,  
Nor death, nor the grave, hath not night to destroy.  
Submissive I bow, my Redeemer divine,  
Thou hast taken him home, that sweet babe of mine,  
Unto thy Heaven, to a world full of bliss,  
To a land much brighter and purer than this.  
Tis he who is singing, is it not of thy love?  
And floats it not sweetly in regions above?  
And there waiteth he long, my coming to greet,  
With the song he has caught, with holiness sweet.  
Forth speaketh so gently, so often to me,  
Of that beautiful land where grief cannot be;  
Of the bowers of bliss which never grow old,  
The glory of which earth can never unfold,  
My waiting seems long, for my kindred are there,  
And few be remaining, my love now to share.  
When done is my duty to those that remain,  
Thy presence, dear Saviour, my strength then sustain.

When through the dark valley of death I shall go,  
Let not its cold struggles my faith overthrow;  
But let it grow brighter, till I shall behold  
The seat of thy glory, the streets of pure gold,  
Till songs of the angels my spirit shall greet,  
And I with the blessed in rapture shall meet.  
Hartford, March 1. C. A. A.

Religious & Moral.

Christ's Theory of Revivals.

1st. The mistakes which the church make in regard to the nature of a spiritual harvest.

The first mistake is this, viz: In acting upon the supposition that any considerable time must elapse after sowing the seed, before reaping the grain. There is a grand similarity between a natural and spiritual harvest in this one point, viz: In both cases the means must be used, in order to obtain the blessing. But here the parallel must stop—at least with all those who wish to do their duty, and keep out of the awful slough of Antinomianism. "Say not, there are four months, and then cometh the harvest," saith the Son of God. Say not that any time must necessarily elapse, after sowing the seed of eternal truth, before reaping the harvest; and say not that there is a seed-time and a harvest, in this sense, in the kingdom of grace. But how many, among modern christians, perpetuate the antinomianism of the Jews on this point. Ask them why they do not enjoy a glorious revival of religion in their churches—"Oh," they reply, "there are four months between seed-time and harvest; now is the seed-time; now is the time of indolence; the people are by and by, after four months, we expect to reap the grain." This is a poor apology for poorer success in the service of God. This is a lame excuse for barrenness and coldness, and unfaithfulness and worldliness, on the part of the church and its ministry. Oh! when will such spiritual agriculturists get through with this everlasting indolence of poor young converts, and give them something to do? Or, in other words, when will they get ready to reap their harvest, if this indolence seed has been of the fruit-bearing kind? In a natural harvest, sometime must elapse before the seed sown can, in the nature of the case, come to maturity, and be ready for the sickle of the reaper. But not so, in the spiritual harvest. In this case, the soil is the human heart—the seed, eternal truth—the ripening agent, the Holy Ghost; and how long, we ask, with such a soil, and with such seed, and such fruitifying agency, will it take to ripen the appropriate harvest? The soil is the human will—the ever-springing and fruitful affections and thoughts of the soul. Plant the seed of God's truth in such a soil, and there is no reason why the harvest may not be reaped in the very day the seed is sown, so that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together. The will, when it bows to the majesty of God's truth and Spirit, bows at once; the affections spring

forth at once, and the thoughts run upward and onward with the velocity of light, to reach the Uncreated Light of eternity.

Oh! these four-month christians often wish, not only to keep up the old idea of the Jews, in regard to the periodical nature of revivals, but they often plead for an extension of time between sowing the seed and reaping the harvest. They now say, are there not eight months, twelve months, six years; and then cometh the harvest? To have a harvest on the same day of sowing the seed, would be interfering, as they say, with God's established economy of revivals; it would be contravening the past—it would detract from the sovereignty of God—it would upset some favorite scheme of theology—it would be verging towards that awful, that monstrous horrendum, that dreadful thing, ULTRAISM! It would be losing that thirty pieces of silver,—that mess of pottage,—viz: Theological caste in high places of the earth.

The whole truth on this point is this:—When a christian's piety is at an awfully low ebb, he begins to talk about this everlasting preparatory work of indoctrinating his people,—this four months, and eight months, and six years, before reaping time. But let his soul draw nigh to God, and the thermometer of his affections rise, and he will begin to throw aside his old vocabulary about four months, and radicalism, and the beatitudes of neutrality,—the safety and wisdom of passivity,—and he will look abroad and see a harvest already waving to the reaper's hand. Then, he will exclaim, "Behold, the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not: how dreadful is this place! it is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven."—Rev. J. M. Davis.

From the New York Evangelist.

The Great Funeral.

It has frequently been my lot, though not a member of Congress, to attend the funeral solemnities of senators and representatives at Washington, who have been arrested by the hand of death in the midst of their public services; and there has always been something in the scene peculiarly solemn and impressive. The suspension of all public business, the gathering of public officers, from the President of the United States to the humblest attendant on the House, around the remains of one who had fallen before the King of Terrors, the sudden blasting of human hope, the termination of earthly honor, the rupture of distant ties, the domestic grief far, far away, have all conspired to make me exclaim, "Lord, what is man!" But there must have been something in the funeral on Saturday last, which may well cause it to be called THE GREAT FUNERAL. There lay, in the "narrow house," amid the assembled greatness of the nation, all that remained not only of the most remarkable statesman of the world, who had filled every office in the gift of his country, but the last of a race of patriots who had laid the foundations of a nation, destined to excel all others in its wisdom and glory. What a scene! What emotions must have filled every bosom! With what words could the preacher break the solemn silence that pervaded that vast assemblage! I can think of none so appropriate as those which burst from the lips of the greatest of French orators—so appropriate, that I would call them to the recollection of your readers. What that most splendid of earthly monarchs, Louis XIV., lay in death, and all the night and glory of his kingdom were gathered in the great church of Notre Dame to pay him the last honors of earth, the preacher rose, and after a solemn pause, as if unable to utter any thing befitting so august an occasion, he simply said,—  
"THERE'S NOTHING GREAT BUT GOD."

Destinies of the Soul.

The strangest thing in this strange world is man's neglect of his soul and its immortal destinies. How differently God regards the soul, and how differently man will estimate its value, when he enters on a future state, is thus impressively described by Dr. Griffin:

Man must have been a very important being in the estimation of God, or he would not have built this beautiful and stupendous world for his habitation. But was it for the body that this planet was erected, or was chief respect had to the soul? It was not built for the dust, but for the immortal part; not for man as a mere animal, but for man as a subject of moral government—for a creature in which to foster his infant faculties for the employment of a vigorous and eternal manhood. It is for the life and growth of the soul, that the valleys spread out their bosoms—that the mountains lift up their heads towards heaven—that ocean, with its million waves, laves the shore—that serpent, fish and bird were formed,—and the cattle upon a thousand hills." It was to light the soul in its way to glory that the sun and moon were hung out of heaven. "Tis for its 'sake all nature stands and stars look down tremblingly to observe its fate. All nature seems to sit in solemn silence, looking out of all her eyes, to watch the destinies of the soul."

But no respect which has been paid to the soul puts so vast an estimate upon it as the price that was paid for its redemption. What must have been the valuation of the soul in heaven, when that God before whom all nations are as the 'dust of the balance,' became an infant in the manger of Bethlehem, sweet blood in Gethsemane, was beaten and spit upon in the judgment-hall, and expired on the ragged cross? Every groan of Calvary pronounced the worth of the soul to be greater than 'ten thousand material worlds. The Son of God would not have given his life to redeem the whole material universe from ruin. He would

not have shed a drop of his blood to save this world, with all its lumber, from the flames. He will of choice give it to the flames, when use to the soul of man shall be ended. And yet he shed all his blood to save the soul.

The Ten Persecutions.

What a scene of human blood has been shed by the enemies of the cross! How many bodies of the blessed martyrs have been crushed to ignominious deaths, first by the great red dragon of Paganism, and afterward by the devouring beast of Romanism. Horror chills one's blood at the recollection of the sufferings of the early brethren, though centuries have intervened since those torrents of human gore flowed.

In the short space of three hundred and thirty years from Christ, there were ten great persecutions of the Christians by the Roman Emperors, reckoned follows:—First, under Nero in the year of our Lord 65—Second, was under Domitian in the year 90—Third was commenced under Trajan in the year 100—Fourth, under Adrian in 126, and continued under Antoninus Pius till 140—Fifth, under Marcus Aurelius in the year 162—Sixth, under Severus in 203—Seventh, in 236, under Maximinus—Eighth, under Decius in 251—Ninth, in 258 under Valerian—Tenth, under Diocletian in 303. So rapidly did these great and bloody persecutions follow upon the footsteps of one another.

When the number of Christians put to death in each of these persecutions is considered, the only wonder is, that there were any left, either to suffer for the gospel, or to publish it abroad throughout the world. Some idea of the number slain may be learned from the nature of those persecutions. In the "tenth" under Diocletian in 303, that Emperor in his edict commanded all the churches to be demolished, and the Christians to be deprived of their sacred writings, and of all civil privileges; another edict commanded the imprisonment of all bishops and ministers of the gospel; a third, that the most exquisite tortures should be employed to constrain them to apostatize; a fourth enjoined that the magistrates use the severest tortures on all Christians without regard to sex or age, for the purpose of forcing them to renounce religion. Tertullian says that 20,000 christians were burnt by Diocletian's orders on one Christmas day; and yet these bloody edicts extended over all the Roman Empire, except Gaul, and were executed with such zeal that pillars were erected in honor of this bloody Emperor, for having "everywhere abolished the superstition of Christ." Vain boast! Everywhere abolished christianity! And yet in twenty-five years from this time, when Constantine, the first christian Emperor, embraced the gospel, Tyler says the christians were very numerous, both at Rome and in the provinces. So true it is, that the "blood of the martyrs became the seed of the church"—or as Tertullian in his Apology says, "The more you mow us down, the thicker we rise; the christian blood you spill, is like the seed you sow; it springs from the earth again, and fructifies the more."

How true is it that our whole inheritance of liberty and blessings is the price of blood. Not alone our national independence, and our rich civil privileges; but our rights of conscience, all our religious privileges, from the Saviour's crucifixion down till the present, have been the price of blood. What a boon of blessings have our predecessors bequeathed unto us. A review of their sufferings should impress us with gratitude for the more auspicious times on which our lot is fallen, and awaken in us a quenchless desire to make the best possible improvement of our patrimony.—Morn. Star.

Paternal Duty.

The father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasure, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief and occasional word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expressiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed. What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it any excuse to say that he cannot support his family in their present state of living without this effort. I ask, by what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them a competence. Is he under obligation to leave them that competence which he desires? Is it an advantage to them to be relieved from the necessity of labor? Besides, is money the only desirable bequest which a father can leave to his children? Surely well cultivated intellects, hearts sensible to domestic affection, the love of parents, and brethren, and sisters; a taste for home pleasures; habits of order, regularity, and industry; a hatred of vice and vicious men; and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue, are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property—simple property, purchased by the loss of every habit which could render that property a blessing.—Wayland's Moral Science.

FACTS OF FOLLY.—Lord Eglinton gave a famous tournament in Scotland some years since, which was chronicled all over the world at the time. It cost nearly \$250,000! Lord Eglinton's name is now found among the published list of bankrupts in Scotland!

It is good dealing with that over which we have the most power. If my estate will not be framed to my mind, I will labor to frame my mind to my estate.—Bishop Hall.

From the National Intelligencer.

A Touching Memorial.

Few of our readers will read with deep and tender interest the following copy of verses, written by Mr. Adams on the day preceding his fatal attack of illness, and designed to accompany his autograph signature, which had been requested by a female friend:

Written for Miss C. L. Edwards, of Massachusetts, on the day preceding his attack.  
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,  
QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS.

In days of yore, the poet's pen  
From wing of bird was plundered,  
Perhaps of goose, but now and then,  
From Jove's own eagle sundered.  
But, now, metallic pens disclose  
Alone the poet's numbers;  
An iron inspiration glows,  
Or with the minstrel slumbers.

Fair Damsel! could my pen impart,  
In prose or lofty rhyme,  
The pure emotions of my heart,  
To speed the flight of time;  
What metal from the womb of earth  
Could worth intrinsic bear  
To stamp with corresponding worth  
The blessings thou should'st share?

Sally Sly and Jenny McKean.

WE copy the following report from the Farmer's monthly Visitor. There is a good moral conveyed in it, told with a rich vein of humor that is capital. It is from the pen of S. B. Little, of the Merrimac (N. H.) Agricultural Society:

The beneficence of the Creator is manifest in so disposing our tastes, and so adapting these to the varieties with which we are surrounded, as to make life a scene of enjoyment instead of a burden. It might have been that necessary food would have been noisome, as it is sometimes to the diseased stomach, had it not pleased the Creator to have ordered it otherwise. Bread is the staff of life, but butter is given to make it slip down easier and with a better relish. But it depends something on who makes the butter whether it answers this purpose. Butter made in Joe Bunker's family needs to be eaten in the dark; then to make it pass well, one or two other senses should be laid aside—while that made by his brother Jonathan may be eaten in the full blaze of noon; you would wish that your neck was as long again that you might have the pleasurable sensation of swallowing prolonged. Perhaps a bit of the history of their better halves will explain the whole matter.

Joe's wife was Sally Sly—when a small girl she was sly—she would not half wash the milk-pail, but sly it away and let it sour. She was sly at school and did not half get her lessons, but would have her book in sight when reciting; but as she grew older she learned that to get well married she must appear well, and so she bent all her cunning to get a superficial education in everything, from roasting a potatoe to playing the piano. Poor Joe fell in love with her, and 'love has no eyes'—so he married her. But soon after she entered on housekeeping, his eye-sight came, and he saw his fix that it was 'for better or for worse'—and he tho't it was all for worse. Like a true philosopher, he concluded to endure what he could not avoid nor cure, and got along tolerably well only when he came to her butter—for his mother was a real butter maker. Every time he saw or tasted of Sally's butter he felt the horrors. Her manner of making butter was somewhat as follows: she thinks it of no consequence whether the milk-pail is sweet or sour—sets the milk in a warm room because it is easier than to go into the cellar, and if some dirt should blow into the pans she thinks every man must 'eat a peck of dirt,' and in no place will it slip down easier than in butter—she lets the cream pots be open, and when she churns forgets the puke; leaves the cream nearly at blood heat that it may come quick. When she takes it out of the churn she picks out the bodies of all flies and spiders—the legs and wings are so small they can be swallowed. She works out half the butter milk and sets it away in a warm place for use. Poor Joe has seen so much butter of this kind that he declares butter does not agree with his health, and will not taste it. Yet his wife wonders why he does not try it, and marvels that he does not keep a dairy and make butter for market.

Jonathan was a younger brother of Joe, and he had occasion to eat at his brother's enough to know why he could not eat butter; and he declared he never would marry without knowing what his bread would be buttered with. Following the bent of his fancy, he made several attempts at matrimony, and Julia Juniper almost caught him, for there was always good butter on the table at tea, but he was determined to know who made it. On inquiry, she says, "La me! mother makes the butter; I take lessons on the piano."

"Well," says Jonathan, "I want a wife that takes lessons on the churn—I shall look further."

After several unsuccessful attempts, and just ready to despair, he started in pursuit of stray cattle, before breakfast, and wandered across the forest into the corner of the next town, and weary and hungry called at a decent looking house and asked for some refreshment, which was most cordially granted, for the family were what were called Scotch Irish—in religion Presbyterians, and in hospitality bloodless.

Here he found the butter exactly right—though the weather was hot, the butter kept its shape as well as heezewitz. He cathechized the old lady about her housewife—for the bread was as right as the butter.—The old lady said her health was feeble—she could do but little, and Jenny had the whole management. He made some round about inquiries concerning Jenny,

and learned that she was a hearty, black-haired, black-eyed lass, of about two and twenty; had never seen a piano nor attended a ball—but knew the Assembly's Catechism; could sing Old Hundred to a charm—spin flax and darn stockings, and was then gone to town with butter. He lingered, but she was delayed, and when his excuses for staying were exhausted he started. He could not get the good butter out of his mind, and how it happened I know not, he soon found his way there again, and the result of his adventure was he made a wife of Jane McKean. And now one lump of his butter is worth more than all Joe's would make in a month. There's no trouble in going to market—the keepers of genteel boarding houses in the neighboring villages send and take it at the highest market price.

Now the main difference in these two women arises from the manner of training, though there is no difference in natural dispositions. Old Madam Sly never looked on to see that Sally done up her work right, but suffered her to sly off her work as she chose, and though a good housekeeper herself, was altogether too indulgent, and like some other mothers, thought more of getting Sally well married than of making her fit for a wife—while old madam McKean was determined Jenny should be fit for any man's wife, whether she got married or not. Perhaps there is no more certain criterion by which to judge of a woman's general character for neatness and good housekeeping, than by the quality of her butter. Find on the table a good, solid, properly salted, well-worked slice of butter, and you need not fear to eat the pancakes or hash; but if you see a splash of half-worked butter—salt in lumps and a sprinkling of hair and fly's legs, you may be sure, that if you board there very long, death will not be obliged to wait much for you to finish your peck of dirt.

My advice is, to young farmers, to make it a sine qua non in a wife that she makes prime butter; and the young ladies who aspire to be farmers' wives had much better be imperfect in filigree and music than be deficient in that most important art of making butter, which smooths not only the sharp corners of crust and crackers, but will smooth asperities of the husband's temper.

THE SABBATH AND THE PRESS.—The recent "call" of the enemies of religion for a convention to put down the Sabbath, has operated as a pulse-feeler of the newspaper press, and has produced some curious results. The "Liberator" is in a sad flurry of chagrin and indignation at the cold reception which it has met, and says, "The following newspapers have published the Anti-Sabbath Call, without abridgement: The Sabbath Recorder, the Boston Courier, Douglas's North Star, and the Boston Investigator. The Chronotype and the New York Herald have copied one half of it."

The first mentioned is a "Seventh Day" paper of New York, and the last of the four which copied it entire, is the infidel paper of this city, established by the notorious and miserable wretch, Abner Kneeland. The others must be judged according to the old proverb, "by the company they keep." Even Bennett's Herald could stand half of the document.—Chr. Watchman.

WHAT MISSIONARIES FIND, AND WHAT THEY LEAVE.—Standing on a missionary platform in Marlboro' chapel, Boston, U. States, in the summer of 1841, I was much impressed with the following circumstances: Mr. Pritchard, on his way from the Society Islands, stood on one side of the platform, holding out a hideous wooden idol, five feet high, which he had brought from Gambier's Island. The veteran missionary, Mr. Bingham, at home on a visit from the Sandwich Islands, stood on the other side, holding up a copy of the Holy Scriptures, in Sandwichee, printed and bound on the island where he had labored. Mr. Bingham, with a look not to be forgotten, pointing to the ugly block of wood, said impressively, "That is what your missionaries find on those islands," and then holding forth the Bible, added, "This is what they leave there."—Juvenile Missionary Herald.

PARENTAL AFFECTION.—Intelligence was received at Provincetown, a few days since, from Capt. Cook, of the whaling brig Samuel Cook, that Mr. Perez Bangs, boat-steerer, had died on board, and that he had been buried on one of the Mona Islands, situated in the Mona Passage, West Indies. Soon after the intelligence arrived, his father Mr. Solomon Bangs, chartered the schooner Palestine, of 100 tons, Capt. Whorf, to proceed at once to the spot, recover, if possible, the remains of his son, and land them at Provincetown. The schooner sailed from P. on the 26th ult., in ballast. The expense to Mr. Bangs will probably exceed \$1,000. The island on which he was buried is of small extent, uninhabited, and but a few feet above the level of the sea.—Ad.

CHRIST WOUNDED BY THE HANDS OF HIS FRIENDS.—"I can meet the scoffs of the infidel," writes a colporteur from the interior of New York, "the opposition of the intemperate, the profane, and the sabbath-breaker; but when I find persons who profess to love Christ, and who expect to enjoy the blessedness of his kingdom, and yet feel no interest in its advancement on earth, I am grieved at heart, and mentally exclaim, 'Oh, Lord, revive thy work!'"

The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection in the kindest soul, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic.—Richter.

CHARACTER.—A clear unblemished character comprehends not only the integrity that will not offer, but the spirit that will not submit to an injury; and whether it belongs to an individual, or to a community, it is the foundation of peace, of independence, and of safety! Private credit is wealth—public honor is security; the feather that adorns the royal bird, supports his flight—strip him of his plumage, and you bring him to the earth.—Junius.

FALLEN MINISTERS.—It is painful to record their history—and the more so, when they are men who have gathered crowds and fascinated large congregations. This was once true of John N. Maffitt. We have heard little from him since his marriage, something more than a year since. The New York Advocate and Journal, of Feb. 23 says—"Mrs. Maffitt has felt herself obliged to separate herself from her husband, and return to her father's house, in Brooklyn. Of Mr. Maffitt's whereabouts we know nothing certain; but we learn he left New York, some time ago, declaring he was going to New Orleans."

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The public are assured that this is a BASE FALSEHOOD, and are hereby cautioned against conducting the spurious article with mine. It is entirely different in its composition, and does not possess the virtues and powers of my preparation.

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him who had died for him,

from the wrath to come.

know what Christ would do

and when Christ told him,

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